Graham's Misery

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Graham's Misery

by dandelion_wishes

Summary

Will Graham consultant profiler for the FBI and true crime author is driving home from a crime scene in a blizzard. He has a car crash but is rescued before freezing to death. Is Will really safe with his number one fan?

Notes

Okay, I know I should wait to start this after I finish my other story. BUT this idea will not leave me alone. I was inspired by watching the movie Misery (1990). I haven't seen that is AGES. This story is inspired by the movie. It may follow the story line and the dialogue. How much remains to be seen.

Anyway.... I own nothing from Hannibal and Misery.

Unbeta.....

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Driving in snowy conditions on the back roads of Virginia is often a challenge. Driving them when there in a blizzard is asking for trouble. Will Graham knows this. He knows that a white out could lead to an accident into a field or wooded area. He shakes his head his chocolate curls move slightly back forth. His blue gray eyes squint behind his tortoiseshell glasses. He is trying to recognize any familiar land marks to navigate home. His hands are clenching the steering wheel. Will knows he should have stayed at the motel near the latest crime scene. He mentally berates himself for this decision. The call to solitary home and canine comfort is often hard to resist, especially after a day like today.

Suddenly, there is nothing but white. He's sliver 1990 Volvo headlights, falls on nothing but snow. It's hard to tell up from down. Will let's off the gas to slow down. He's car starts to fish tail toward the left. Will corrects by turning the steering wheel but the momentum carries the car completely to the left. The vehicle's wheels hit an embankment . With the force of the collision the Volvo spins 180 degrees and heads toward the right. All the while, Will is cursing, trying to stay calm and keep control of the car.

The wheels slip off the side of another embankment. Then Will's world is literally flipped upside down as his car rolls three times down the slope until landing on it's top. The windows are shattered. Snow swirls into the car. Will is hanging upside down by his seat belt, his eyes are closed. Blood trickles down his forehead from his nose. The bottom of his green coat has almost slid off his arms that are hanging bent near his head.
The noise of the gusting wind almost covers up the sound of boots crunching in the snow. The sound stops at the car. The owner of the boots kneels down and peers into the car. The blue fur lined parka hood obscures the owner's face. The man pulls off brown leather gloves. He reaches in and puts his slender fingers on Will's pale neck. There is a pulse. The man uses Will's Volvo to push himself up to stand. He puts his glove on as he trudges back to his car to get some tools.
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Wills fades into and out of reality. He sees hazy images of people and light that is too bright. He hears murmurs, whispers of people's conversation. He hears a tapping and howling. 'Where are those sounds coming from?' His dreams are fluid. They flow between low tide of pleasant memories of fishing and playing with his dogs; to high tide of nightmare images of blood and bodies. These seem to follows his fevered state like the tide follows the moon.
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Will finally battles way out of sleep. He doesn't know how long he has been here. 'Where is here?' he thinks. He can't turn his head because of the shooting pain in his neck. He feels like there is something around his neck. Will lifts his right hand toward his neck. He feels a neck brace. His blue eyes shift in and out of focus while trying to look at his surroundings. The room is Spartan. The walls are white. There seems to be a few pieces of furniture. A white rocker whose paint has distressed with time sits toward his left near the end of his bed. A small chest of drawers stands in the corner. There are no mirrors or pictures. There is a row of windows on his left. The sun is shining. The silhouette shadow of a tree is sprawled across

the opposite wall. Will hears a quiet tap against the window. ‘Probably small branches from the tree, moving in the wind.’ he deduces. That explains the howling and the tapping he heard.
Will hears the muffled sound of feet. A shadow appears at the door. The doorknob rattles at being gripped and turned. The door swings open on squeaky hinges.

“Ah I see you are a wake.” says his rescuer.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

No be6a. grammar and tenses to hell

His rescuer looks around mid twenties. He has brown hair and cocky smile. His eye shine in excitement as he carries in a tray. From where Will is laying , the man looks about his height. The looks like he lives at the gym, he moves like a predator. He tries to move in a non threatening manner but Will reads danger all over him.

Will’s voice breaks as he tries to speak. He coughs and rasps out ”Where am I?”

"Oh you are about ten miles outside Vienna. Your at my home, Mr Graham. Would you like a drink of water? I know your throat is parched. You’ve been out a couple of days. "He says as he puts the tray down on a table beside the bed.

"Yes Will croaks."

The man helps Will sit up and puts pillows behind him. Will looks at his injuries. His left hand to his elbow is in a cast. His left leg feels immobile, like a cast or splint is holding it in place. His hands look scars and scratched up. Will can’t really see to well, since he doesn't have his glasses but it feels like one eyes is swollen shut. He man lifts a glass with a straw to Will]’s mouth. As Will sips the water, he feels a hand on his forehead and brushes his hair out of the way.

"You've had a fever but it seems to have broken which is great." the man smiles.

So…what is your name.... nurse....?" asks Will lifts his left hand to push away the glass.

"Oh my name is Matthew Brown., Mr Graham. I’m sorry I should have introduced myself when I came in. I]'m just an orderly. I’m such a big fan of your works I feel like we know each other already. "Matthew smiles even wider if that is possible.

"Will"

"What?"

"Call me Will. After all you did save my life. Are you studying to be a nurse? Can I take this neck brace off?

"Oh yeah. I don’t think you have a neck injury. I do have some meds to take the edge off the pain. And yes I am currently finishing my degree in nursing." Matthew says as he removes the collar.

"Would like your glasses? They were cracked in the crash."

Will's head is throbbing. In fact his whole body is throbbing. "Could I have some pain meds? I think I'd like to rest my head for a while."

"Oh no problem. I'll be right back."

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" Sheriff's office. This is sheriff Lecter."

Hannibal had been sheriff for around five years now. The former surgeon had retired in there area but decided to go into politics. The locals usually suspicious of outsiders but took to the former doctor easily. He was handsome with tan skin, dark eyes and cut features. His accent though strange was charming. Lecter was personable and easy to talk, with all these straits he was easily slipped into the office of sheriff.

"Yes my name is Alana Bloom. I am a literary agent named Will Graham. He was travelling through your area about two days ago. He has not contacted me or his boss from the FBI, Jack Crawford. I've called all the hospitals in the area but there is no report of him any where. I am afraid something has happen to him."

"There was a bad storm a couple days ago. He may have wrecked but there has been nothing reported to me. If he works for the FBI, why hasn't his boss looked for him or reported him, if I may ask?"

Alana sighs. "Well Will is very valuable to the FBI but there is no active case. So Will had taken some time off to work on his latest book. Will has ls been known to disappear from time to time."

"Will Graham… is he the true crimes author, the famous profilier?"

"Yes he is."

"Hmmm, does anyone else know he is unstable?"

Alana gulps." No. but he usually just disappears for a day to collect his thoughts. He has a pack of dogs that is devoted to. He wouldn't leave without making arrangements for them, so I know something is wrong."

"I will look into this personally Ms Bloom. I'll call and let you know what I find out. "

"Thanks so much for your help."

Hannibal is intrigued. Usually the most excitement the area has is cows getting out and getting into someone's garden. Lecter has read all Will Grahams books. He loves the way the author works. How many nuances the profilier sees in the crime scenes. He will have to make sure no harm comes to Will.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Un beta

"Are you in pain Mr graham?"

"Please call me Will. Yes i am, my arm and leg are throbbing." Will rubs his leg wincing.

"I've got something for that" smiles Mathew.

He picks up a a red pill and a cup of water. He places the water on the table beside the bed. Mathew leans over the bed with the pill in his hand. As he nears Will's head, he suddenly pops the pill into his mouth. Mathew grabs the profilers head in his hands and puts his lips on Will's lips. Will gasps in surprise allowing Matthew to push his tongue in with the pill. Matthew moves his tongue around his mouth before pulling. Will involuntarily swallows the pill done. He looks at Mathew in total shock.

"Sorry, that was the best way to get you take your pills." Matthew has a chesier cat grin on his face.

"You don't look very sorry." Will scoffs

"That's why they pay you the big bucks Mr profiler." laughs Matthew.

Will gives him his best withering teacher stare. "Now that I am conscious. You won't have to that any more."

"Ok. I do have a request."

"Shoot"

"I found your new manuscript. May I read it?"

"Normally i don't but since you saved my life it's the least I could do." Will smiles sleepy.

The throbbing in his limbs has stopped. He feels his body sink into the mattress as his eyes close. He thinks he feels a soft kiss on his forehead.

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Hannibal drives his jeep through th e cleared road. As he surveys the road he sees a glint of something metal off the road. He pulls over and looks down the slope of a steep hill. He

slides down the hill and bumps into a car. Hannibal pushes snow away from the vehicle and peers inside.

"Good no bodylooks like the seatbelt has been cut." He mumbles to himself. Hannibal stumbles up the hill to his jeep. He opens to door and looks at his GPS. The hannibal smiles and whispers "Matthew"

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Will wakes to shadows on the wall. He groans as he shifts. Will hears the creaking of the rocking chair . Will adjust his glasses that he slept in and his eyes focuses on Matthew's chest. Will feels cold angry rolling off him. Will's eyes flicker up to Mathew's eyes. There is no doubt in Will's mind that there is fury and violence in Matthew's soul. He is a killer. Will swallows and hears his throat click.

"I see your upset Matthew. Did something happen?"

"You son of birch!" He hisses "How could you?!"

"How could .... could I what Matthew? Will raises his hands in a plaicating gesture.

"Don't try that psychology bullshit with me. I know what you're doing! I'm not stupid!" Matthew stalks over to the bed and looms over Will. He is curling fingers into a fist.

Will looks up at Mathew through his eye lashes. He tilts his head back baring his throat in a subconscious act of submission...survival. Will knows he is in a very precarious position. He is hurt and no one knows where he is. Will start to tremble in fear. He tries to control his breathing.

"I know you are not stupid. You are a nurse. I'm sorry that I offended you.I'm not sure what I did though."

Matthew holds up the manuscript. "Your profile and chapter on the "the Hangman" serial killer! You said he is from an abusive background. That he is an addict and has feelings of inadequacy in the bedroom! Yet you say the Ripper is an intelligent psychopath and artist!" By now Matthew is physically shaking with rage.

The whole time Matthew is screaming at him,Will sees Matthew's kills in his mind. All the clues fit together. Matthew is the Hangman and he may know the Ripper. Will has profiled that the Hangman has a mentor.

Will knows the Hangman.... Matthew wants reconization for his kills.

"Your the Hangman." Will whispers

"Figure it out did you?" snarls Matthew. He hits the bed jostling Will. Pain shoots through Will.

Will moans and grits out " it is only a rough draft. Nobody has seen it yet. Let me fix it. Tell me your design. Tell me who you are."

"Oh you'll fix this! Matthew slams the book down on Will's legs. Will screams in agony and ends in sobs.Will bends forward clutching his legs.

Chapter 4

Matthew grabs Will's curls in a fist and turns his face up. Matthew kisses Will's lips in a flurry of tongue and teeth. Between the pain his legs and the bruising kiss, Will feels a sob rise and stick in his throat. He feels tears drip down his face onto his neck. The sob in his throat escapes when Matthew moves away from him.

Will sees regret flicker across his captors face briefly before a cocky grin returns. He lets Will's hair go taking the manuscript from the bed.

"I think I need to be away from you now. I might do something you'll regret."

Matthew stomps out the door closing it quietly. Will falls back to the bed putting his hands over his face. He hears a car start and someone driving down a gravel road. He hopes that's Matthew leaving. If Will can make it a phone he could call for help. Will pulls back the covers looking at his one leg held in a make shift brace. He knows this is going to hurt like fuck. Will takes a couple of deep breaths. He counts to three then pushes with his good hand. Will rolls off the bed into the floor. He screams as he hits the floor. He takes a moment to sob, moaning as he pushes his face against the floor.

He uses he good arm, trying to grab and pull himself across the floor to the door. He's too weak to make any headway. 'Fucking great!! Now I'm in th floor and can't get on the bed!" He screams at himself. Will feels the cold seep into his bones. His feet and hands start to feel numb.Will reaches over to the bed and grabs the covers. He pulls them off the bed to cover him as best he can.Will closes his eyes, feeling tears run down his cheek, hopeing he'll fall asleep.He does after while.

It seems like moments later, he hears the door open. He barely cracks his eyes when he feels a needle being stuck in his arm. Then bliss.
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"Will"

Will moans pulling the covers up closer to his face. He mumbles something incoherent.He hears a low chuckle and his name softly called again. Will feels too warm and snuggly to wake up just yet.There is a sensation of someone's fingers gliding over his scalp tugging at his curls.

His eyes flies opens when he feels a hand fondle his morning erection.Will moves his uninjured hand to grab at Mathew's but he's stopped before he can.Matthew pins his hand to the bed, while intertwining their fingers together.Matthew is leaning over Will inches from his face. His mouth is held in a mischievous smirk. Mathew's hand slips down Will's boxers. He grabs Will's length stroking slow and lazy.

Will swallows man's exhaled. His breath has become strained.
"Please...M.Matthew..stop..Don't..." Will's protest is lost in the shutter that coils through his body. He is held hostage between pain of his injuries and pleasure of his cock.

"Now Will,let me make you feel better after last night. You have the most beautiful eyes. I love the way your eyelashes flutter when I stroke up and twist right here." He purrs at Will as he continues to stroke Will to release. Will feels the blush of arousal and humiliation spread across his cheeks. He adverts his eyes to the window up until he closes them when he comes.

Matthew grabs a small hand towel and wipeS Will down. He licks the come from his fingers like he was licking frosting from a bowl.He uses two finger to turn Will's face toward him.He gives him a quick peck on the lips.

"Now you gotta admit there are worse ways to state your day."

Will pulls his face out of Matthew's grip. He cuts his eyes back to Mathew glaring. "It would be better if I had a choice in the matter."

"Ahh,now don't get your panties in a wad." Retorts Matthew "Beside I am taking care of all your needs. I'm helping you do valuable research."

"For what?"

Matthew's eyes darken along with his mood."to make corrections to your chapter on the Hangman.remember, you said you would. "

Will pauses a moment before he says "yes I will. I'm a little foggy at the moment. Must be from the sedative you gave me after you put me back in bed last night."

"I didn't give you a sedative last night and why would I have to put you back in bed?"

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Yeah grammar still bad..no beta..

"Answer me Will...why would I need to put you back in bed? Matthew asks quietly."

"B..because..I fell out of bed. "

"Are you sure? Do you think you dreamed it? Maybe it was an hallucination."

"I don't think I was dreaming." Will licks his dry lips. "Maybe I did." He gives a weak laugh.

Matthew crosses his arms while he studies Will. He pursues his lips in thought. "No I don't think you did dream it. Well isn't that somethin'. Hmmm.." Matthew walks over to the window scratching his chin while thinking about who was poaching on his turf.He'll have to pay a visit and have a chat with his mentor. They had a falling out of sorts a couple years ago.

Matthew turns smiling at Will. "How do you take take coffee?"

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Hannibal sits at his desk absent mindly flipping a book cover open and close. The book is Will Graham's newest. Hannibal has already finished it a couple of hours ago. His maroon eyes look off in the distant focusing on nothing in particular.

Hannibal saunters through his memory palace. He opens a weathered door to see Will Graham laying on the floor. He has pulled the covers off the bed but he is still shivering. He eyes are closed as he tries to sleep. His curls are messy from too much time in bed and no bath.

Hannibal shakes his head at the crude brace Matthew has put on the profiler' s leg. He reaches into his pocket bringing out a syringe. The sedative was meant for Matthew so hannibal could look around unmolested. But he saw Matthew leave, he decides to investigate. Will looks like he is in a lot of pain so he lifts Will's arm and injects the sedative. Will's eyes look at him unfocused before they slide shut. Hannibal gently lifts Will placing him back into bed.

He strokes his fingers down his face.Hannibal has admired his work for years now. He especially enjoys there little cat and mouse game. He as the Ripper is the cat of course. But the little mouse has given him a run for his money.

He leans back in his chair and steeples his fingers under hos chin as he contemplates his next move.

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After breakfast Matthew brings in a grill into the room.Will cocks an eyebrow up at him.Matthew smiles "I know you are curious about the grill. But I have two surprises for you."

Will reluctantly nods his head looking between Matthew and the grill. Matthew takes the lid with a flouirish.Will sees his manuscript on the grill. He holds his breath wishing he had taken Alana's advice and used a laptop. But no, stubborn Will had to do it old school. He prays that what he sees in his imagination is not going to happen.

"You need an empty slate to begin again. I believe, I found and saved you for a divine reason." Matthew says as he puts lighter fluid on the pages.

"You don't have to burn the whole thing to begin again. You could burn just the offending chapter." Will looks pleading at Mathew.

Mathew walks over gently pats Will's cheek.Then he strokes his face as he speakers too calmly " The whole thing Will. The book could be all about the Ripper as much as you've wrote about him. He would have been pleased." Matthew's hand has gone from gentle stroking to a forceful grip on Will's jaw.

Will swallows thickly trying to pull out of the forceful grip. "What should I write about?" He quits trying to pull away.

Matthew leans in closer whispers into Will's ear. His breath makes Will involuntary shiver. " Whom, professor, whom. Me..the Hangman..of course."Matthew lips kiss Will's cheek. "Now, you will take these matches. Then set that mother fuckin piece of trash on fire."

Matthew releases Will. He shakes a box of matches at Will. He removes one from the box, he hands Will the box and the match.Will looks at the grill with year's worth of work on it. "What if I refuse?" He looks at Mathew's chest.

Matthew smiles as he picks up the lighter fluid. He moves his hands out like a shrug, sloushing some of the fluid onto Will's covers. Matthew's voice becomes a garbled noise, as Will watches as Mathew sloushe more lighter fluid on the bed as he circles it. It looks accidental but the intent is far from it.

"Will? Don't you agree?" Mathew has stopped at head of the bed looking expectantly at Will. Will nods his head..

"Sorry, I didn't hear what you said." Says Mathew places. Hand behind his ear. "Yes. I agree." Will strikes the matches tossing it onto the manuscript.Will turns his face away from the burning manuscript.

****

Later Will is placed into a wheel chair.He watches as Mathew sets up a table.Then he places a typewriter on it. He then brings in paper. "See your secound surprise is perfect. I also have a

pen and paper for note taking and ideas."

Will takes the extended pad and pen from Mathew. He mumbles a thanks.

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Later that night after Will took his pain pill and he was sound asleep. There is a knock on the door. Matthew goes to the door opening it. "Hello sheriff"

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

No beta...heading toward the finish line.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good evening Matthew. May I come in?" Hannibal has his hands tucked into the pockets of his leather jacket.

"Of course." Matthew smiles making a grandeous wave of his hand to usher Hannibal in.

Matthew closes the door softly as he directs his guest into the living room. Hannibal looks around the well worn furniture. He choose a large chair to perch on. Mathew sits down heavily on th couch.

"So what brings out here Lecter?"

"Can't an old friend check on another? The last storm was brutal. I worry about you here Matthew."

"If that were only true."Matthew snorts

"I know our relationship has been strained a couple years now. It doesn't oesn't mean we can not be civil to each other."

"Let's start exploring that by first stop bullshitting a bullshiter. You aren't here out of duty."

"That is true. I am not checking on you. I am working on a missing person case. A Will Graham. He's FBI and an author. He was driving in this area. He had a wreck. I found his car but no agent."

"Wow...imagine that. I hope he is alright. He could freeze to death or been drug off by animals. Poor bastard."

"Possible but I think you found him bringing him here."

"Hmmmm....You know what I think? That you know he's here becuase you've been snooping around here." Matthew looks pointedly at Hannibal

Hannibal chuckles. " You are such a bright boy
I always said you are waisted out here." Hannibal continues to smile at Mathew.

" That's not what you said...ever." Matthew loses his smile while his eyes grow cold.

"Well that's in the past. Let's forge a new partnership. You need help with William's injuries. I am qualified to help."

"He's doing just fine under my care. He's healing. In fact he'll be starting his next book. All about me." Matthew places his hand on his chest preening for Lecter.

"Oh Matthew. You know he'll never be into you like he is the Ripper."

They both turn toward the stairs when they hear something.
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Will wakes up on a fog from the pain pill Matthew has given him. He builds a tolerance so quickly to most medication luckily Matthew left the wheel chair in there. He sits up, grabs and easing the chair toward the bed. He holds his breath waiting but nothing. Good maybe he's out. Will maneuvers himself into th chair. He takes the pen Matthew gave him taking a part. He takes the spring coil straighting it before he bends to a make shift Bobby pin.

The doors are old, as well as the locks, he's hoping he can pick it open. Will hopes he can find a phone or laptop. Anything to get help or information to someone. He fiddles with the lock and hears a small click. Will holds his breath as he gently opens the door. He rolls out into the hall. He hears Matthew's and another man's conversation. He listens to what is said and what is not. He feels a tingle and a prickle on his neck. Will realizes that Matthew is talking to his estranged mentor. Oh fuck! It's the Ripper!

If there was time to be quiet and still it is now.Will is very close to the banister. He tries to back the wheelchair into the room but as he tries manuver through the door hits a table by the door. The figurines on a dancing lady tilts and wobbles then settles without falling over. He rolls into the room. As he pulls himself into the bed he hears a pair of footsteps on the stairs.

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"I think you have a mouse problem Matthew." Says Hannibal

"I think you maybe right. Please excuse me while I check." Matthew gets up and walks up the stairs. Hannibal follows but stays several steps behind. There is no Will in the hall but the figurine by the door is askew.Matthew smiles. He knows Will has figured a way out. Smart man but impetious.

Matthew open a the door. The locks was picked open. Will laid in the bed with his eyes closed. His breathing was even but there was sweat on his brow. Matthew chuckles amused as though Will was a kid caught being naughty.

"Okay Will. I know you where out of your room spying on the grownups."

Matthew walks into the room putting his hands on the end of the bed. Will opens his eyes sighing. Matthew smiles at him.

"The figurine gave me away didn't it?"

Matthew nods and points a finger at Will. "You've been very naughty. What is to be done about that?"

Will sees a man come behind Matthew. He grabs his chin with one hand and his head with other. He jerks Matthew's head to the side. Will hears a nuaseating snap of bones then Matthew drops to the ground.

Will closes his eyes immediately. He hears Matthew's attacker walk around the bed to the side of it.

"I haven't seen your face and I really can't identify your voice. If you leave now no one would look for you. Just leave me a phone to call for help or make anonymous call. I would be grateful. I would repay your kindness with silence." words tumble out of Will's mouth, they stumble over one another.

Hannibal smiles as he cards his finger through curls. Will does not shrink away. He stills in the path of the predator.

"Now William, it's not that I don't believe you. It's I don't trust you. After you were found and kept your silence, you would feel guilty and then you would start the hunt for me."

"I don't know who you are or what your..."

"It's rude to lie William. Especially to me. You know who I am..tell me.."

Will shakes his head and screws his eyes tightened.Hannibal takes Will's chin hand and tilts it toward him with a sigh.

"I am not going to kill you William. But you will look at me now."

Will swallows trying to shake his head.

"Now William. I can be much more unpleasant than Matthew was. Punishment Will be severe."

Will takes a deep breath, then he opens his eyes to see a man in a sheriff's uniforms standing there. He has Sandy blonde hair, high cheek bones and fathomless eyes.

" who am I Will?"

"The Ripper" he whispers

"Yes. We'll talk about your new book later."

Will feels a pin prick and the bliss of night.

Chapter End Notes

Okay..the end.. I am considering doing another story that will continue this relationship s AU if there is enough interest.

Thanks for reading!

End Notes

I am trying to decide who the number one fan is going to be. It could be either Hannibal or Matthew Brown easily. I have also been thinking bout Hannibal and Matthew Brown. That 3 way dynamic has many possibilities.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!